

Whiner's Bio

Mates of State

You can wait all night
I'll never stop complaining
As I look into those eyes, I can't behave
Cause this song's not right
It's the legend that you're after
I'm occluded 'round the clock a central shame

This is the writing of the whiner's bio
Who wants to win them over

I can relate when everything stays the same
To achieve gall and orders first

We all join hands the whistle blows
What's with this competition though
Let's all join hands the whistle goes
No need for competition though

This jag it's a positive force that won't budge
These tastes of silver belong on a ship
And if I had any language it's yours
This jag it's a positive force that won't budge

I can relate when everything stays the same
The answers are beneath you, sweet

We all join hands the whistle blows
This jag it's a positive force that won't budge
This is the writing of the whiner's bio
What's with this competition though?
These tastes of silver belong on a ship
That was the writing of the whiner's bio